

Old Clothes Number

Life

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"DAD'S"

MICHELIN

UNIVERSAL CORD

It is fitting that the house which 25 years ago invented the pneumatic automobile tire should now introduce three improvements which result in greatly increased mileage:

- 1—A new tread compound, perhaps unequalled for durability
- 2—An improved tread-design that effectively opposes skidding and still further increases the durability of the tire
- 3—A super-sturdy oversize body that gives unsurpassed freedom from blow-outs

For a new degree of motoring satisfaction, use Michelin Universal Cords.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.

Other factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy

Dealers in all parts of the world



A Sturdy Oversize Cord Tire that Establishes a New Standard for Supreme Durability and Freedom from Skidding

Templar

(Reg. in U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Superfine Small Car

To many, Templar's superfineness is summed up in the poise and power of its supple top valve motor alert to every whim for speed or test of stamina.

Yet how soon appreciation *widens*—how quickly Templar ownership reveals that fine, consistent quality which spares no detail of this car.

This gives new impetus to that prevailing pride of ownership which speaks so eloquently for America's finest small car.

Templar World Records

New York-Chicago
26 Hours 50 Minutes
New York-Philadelphia
2 Hours 00 Minutes

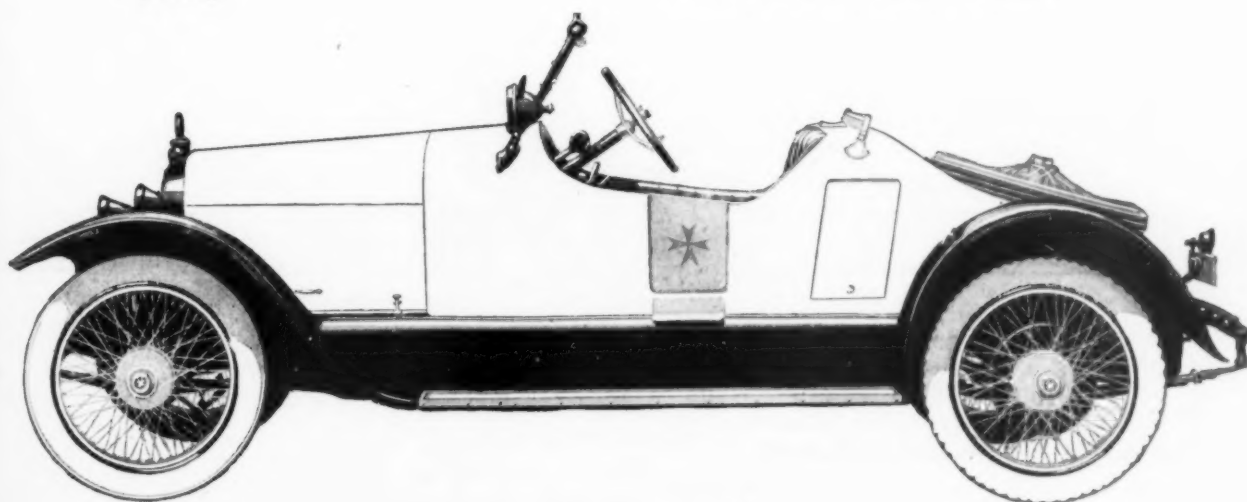
*The Pioneer
Builder of
Quality Small
Cars*

Four-Passenger Touring, \$2885	
Four-Passenger Sportette, \$2885	Two-Passenger Touring Roadster, \$2885
Five-Passenger Sedan, \$3785	Three-Passenger Coupe, \$3785

Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

THE TEMPLAR MOTORS COMPANY

2200 Halstead Street, Lakewood, Cleveland, Ohio
Export Dept., 116 Broad St., New York City



Confidential Guide to LIFE'S Contributors

Mr. Peters

He began by stoking coal.

This does not mean necessarily that there is hope for everyone who wishes to become an artist. But if you wish to become a leading black and white artist, it offers possibilities.

You are of course familiar with Mr. Peters's delightful drawings, appearing regularly in LIFE. They repay careful study.

Mr. Peters is modest. Only with the greatest reluctance could we get him to write of himself as follows:

I was born in Cristiania, Norway, in the year 1882; went through school and college, and in the year I was to enter the university I left Norway for the U. S. A.

I have never, except for a very short time in Paris, formally studied art. My father is a painter and president of the Royal Academy of Arts in Cristiania. Presumably I saw too much canvas and smelt too much paint to escape my fate.

My first job in America was stoking coal on a tugboat whose captain was Swedish, which made the job to me, a Norwegian, more full of incident. This was followed by a spell of bending pipe at the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia; a bumming trip to the West; punching cattle in Nebraska; working on newspapers in San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia and New York.

I saw a bit of the war in Serbia and France. My hobbies are my work, the piano and trout fishing. I hope to do something in etching some day.

I have very little trouble doing the drawings I turn out. The subject must come easily, or I leave it alone. I use a sketch book a lot, but seldom use

A Peters drawing.



THE WOMAN OF IT

"YOU SAID IT WAS GOING TO BE FINE WITH A STEADY BREEZE,
AND YET YOU PRETEND TO LOVE ME"

models. Charles Keene, Abbey, C. D. Gibson and some of the men on *Punch* to-day seem to me to be the prophets of the pen, which I think is the king of mediums.

Can this possibly interest anybody?

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for three months (twelve issues) to



¹⁴⁰
Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.75; Foreign, \$6.50.)

The Miniature Life,

Latest edition, is now out. Copies can be obtained by sending a good two-cent stamp to this office with your name and address. The Miniature LIFE is a pocket edition, full of jokes and pictures, handsomely printed in colors.

SPEA
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SPEAK TO YOUR HORSESHOER—

tell him that no substitute will be accepted for Capewell nails.

For years these nails have been the choice of the most skillful shoers and the most careful horse owners.

The reason: Capewell nails hold better, drive easier and are safer than other brands.
The Capewell Horse Nail Co., Hartford, Conn.

**Old Clothes—To Wear***A Price Re-leaf*

IF clothing prices vault from view

Beyond a comet's orbit, you
May take a leaf from Mother Eve,
And wear her Eden summer weave,
Though greedy profiteers swear,
They leave the leaves as cheap as air;
And people would, when days are hot,
As lief put on a leaf as not.

King Overalls

For overalls lift up a carol,
The very Trotsky of apparel!—
Once worn in mill-yards and back-alleys,
Now kept in press by Newport valets.
With them, we foil the grabbers' plot:
Though prices soar, yet we're not!

The Raincoat

The cloak invisible—this is it!
Clear-weather friend, when sunbeams
visit
Always in sight—though you deposit
The thing far in your darkest closet.
It rains. . . . Old raincoat's some-
where else;
Your suit is soaked, your collar melts;
And you will only find it when
The sun comes grinning out again.

The Hat

Panama, derby, slouch or straw,
Man wears you, for it is—The Law!
Only the baldhead, though, prefers
To keep his poor hairs prisoners.
Red-blooded men, let's end submission
To this harassing hat tradition!
Let's knock the tyrant headpiece flat—
"It's time to go? Oh—where's my hat?"

OH, YOU SKINNY!

Why stay thin as a rail? You don't have to! And you don't have to go through life with a chest that the tailor gives you; with arms of childish strength; with legs you can hardly stand on. And what about that stomach that flinches every time you try a square meal? Are you a pill feeder?

Do you expect Health and Strength in tabloid form—through pills, potions and other exploited piffle?

You can't do it; it can't be done.

The only way to be well is to build up your body—all of it, through nature's methods—not by pampering the stomach. It is not fate that is making you a failure; it's that poor emaciated body of yours; your half sickness shows plain in your face and the world loves healthy people. So be HEALTHY—STRONG—VITAL. That's living. Don't think too long; send three 2c. stamps to cover mailing expenses of Special Information on Thinness and my book "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," written by the strongest physical instructor in the world.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

1392 Strongfort Institute Founded 1895 Newark, N. J.

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Drink
Coca-Cola

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

—the hit that saves the day.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

*The House Slippers*

We doff each stylish, binding shoe,
And stick our troubled feet in you!
You're down at heel, your leather rusty,
Cracked instep, top unshined and dusty—
But, oh, the deep content that glows
When you're "at home" to tired toes!

Clement Wood.

SON: Father, what is a financier?

FATHER: A financier, my son, is a man who can buy experience without paying for it himself.

**Rely on Cuticura
To Clear Away
Skin Troubles**

Soap to cleanse, Ointment to soothe, Talcum to powder, Etc. Samples of Cuticura, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



RUUD HOT WATER

LIGHT a fire under the water tank, for the day's uses—*that's the old way.*

Simply turn any hot-water faucet in the home any time—*that's the up-to-date way.*

With a Ruud there's nothing to light—no tank to watch. A Ruud heats water

as it flows through rust-proof copper coils—without time limit or quantity limitation.

Servants have no cause for complaint or delay; you and your family have hot water galore; the laundress gets all the hot water she wants—*instantly*—once you install a Ruud in your home.

RUUD AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

"Hot Water All Over the House"

There is no waste with a Ruud. It heats only the water you use—the *on* and *off* of the faucets regulates the gas. Over 150,000 Ruud Water Heaters are in operation. There's a size for

every home, large or small.

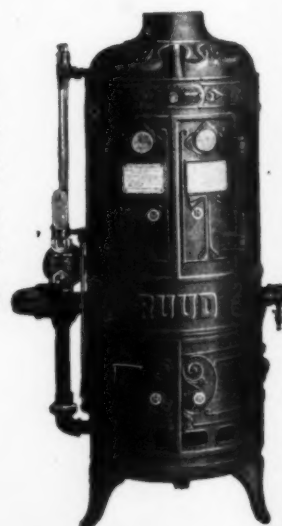
Ruud Hot Water will solve your home water-heating problem permanently. See your gas company, or your plumber, or any gas-appliance dealer about a Ruud today.

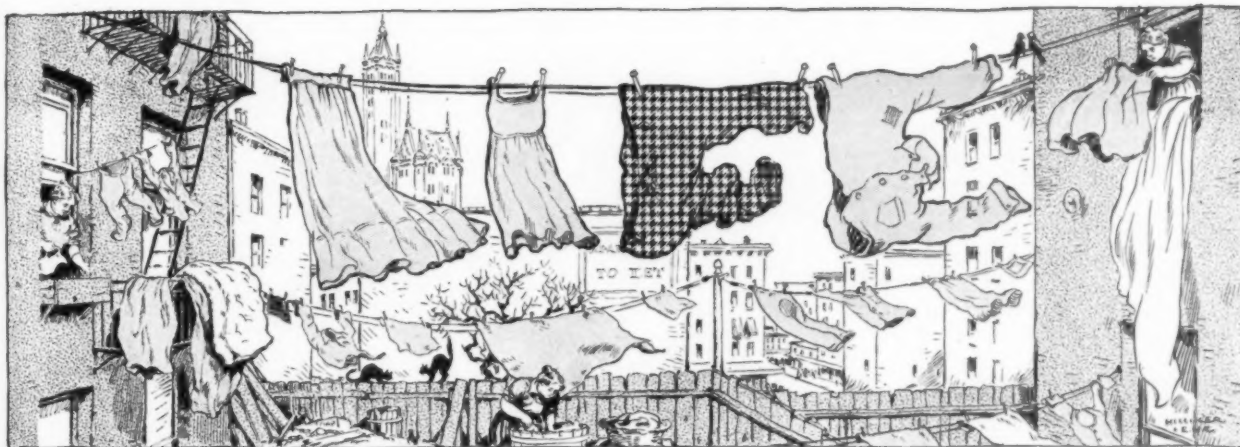
Booklet on Ruud Hot Water Sent Free

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. C Pittsburgh, Pa.

Makers of Standardized Gas Water Heaters

Ruud Manufacturing Co. of Canada: 371 Adelaide St. W., Toronto





The Clothes of Yesteryear

WHERE are the clothes of yesteryear—
And of the year before?
Bare is the cupboard—shelf and hook;
Barren, the garret's cobwebbed nook;
Empty, the darksome drawer!
Why should they strangely disappear—
All the old clothes of yesteryear?

Where are the clothes of yesteryear?
Easy would be the search.
Seek them where duty or pleasure calls;
Seek them in learning's classic halls—
Office or club or church.
Rich and lowly, alike, appear
Wearing the clothes of yesteryear.

Honor the clothes of yesteryear,
Deal with them tenderly;
Don them gladly and make them last,
Friends of an opulent era past;
Stout may their fabric be!
Drink long life to their new career—
Here's to the clothes of yesteryear!

Jennie Betts Hartswick.



COMPARATIVE VALUES

"BEEN FISH'N', HAVE YE, YOU GOOD-FER-NOTHING LOAFER?"

"OH, JIM, TWO OF THEM! YOU ARE SIMPLY WONDERFUL!"

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1919, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-three years. In that time it has expended \$183,025.49 and has given a fortnight in the country to 40,802 poor city children. The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column. Checks should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and addressed to LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

Balance	\$6,762.82
Marian Mitchell	15.00
J. H. H., Jr.	50.00
R. J. N.	5.00
A. E. Society, Inc.	100.00
Phoenix Ingraham	18.00
K. H. Talbott	20.00
Ruth R. Ropes	5.00
Mrs. J. H. Butterworth	2.00
E. J. Barber	2.00
Evelyn H. Downing	5.00
Jimmy Hobbs	9.00
Society for Prevention and Relief of Tuberculosis	100.00
Martin G. Langenau	10.00
Mrs. James L. Taylor	3.00
L. C. Hanna, Jr.	25.00
Uncle and Auntie Billy	10.00
H. C. Alverson	10.00
Alma J. Marr	9.00
Mrs. Herbert S. Greims	25.00
"A Friend"	2.50
Annie W. Treadway	100.00
George A. Crocker, Jr.	15.00
Joseph W. Downes	9.00
Carlen A. C.	10.00
"Anon"	25.00
Louise Douglas	5.00
Abe Cook	3.00
Mrs. Eugene Stanley Gotthold	10.00
Frederick and Theodore Ley	50.00
Mignon Ley	50.00
Captain Wm. M. Van Antwerp	1.00
Mrs. C. H. Siems	9.00
C. and M.	10.00
"Elsa Margaret"	5.00
Mrs. E. W. Newhall	5.00
Mrs. Willis B. Sterling	25.00
Mrs. Gordon R. Campbell	25.00
Walter Gribben	10.00
V. Gerson	5.00
John Roger	25.00
Anna H. Schimmel and brother	5.00
"F. H. R."	5.00
Frank L. Hughes	25.00
Edward D. Upham	5.00
Mrs. Galbraith Miller, Jr.	5.00

This statement includes contributions received before June 29, 1920.

\$7,625.32



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM

"MY! HOW HUNGRY YOU ARE!" BUT YOU ONLY JUST CAME!"

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

A package of books from Marjorie Miller, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Four pairs of shoes and one pair of rubbers from Mrs. E. H. Stearns, New York City.

Twelve new suits for children from Sorosis Garment Company, Ionia, Mich.

Five boys' suits, three pairs of pants, twenty-one boys' blouses from Mrs. J. McK. Speer, Meadville, Pa.

Toys, skirt, goods to make dresses, package of picture postal cards, dolls, one horn and a box of dominoes from D. Barney, New Haven, Conn.

Uplifting the Vice-Presidency

NO more should we speak disrespectfully of the vice-presidency. Thomas Riley Marshall has lifted that once humble position to a high place in public esteem. He has shown us how important to the general welfare a Vice-President can be.

Mr. Marshall's two terms in that office have been during serious times—times which tried men's souls and half-soles, and often found both considerably under standard; times which have corrugated the brows of great statesmen and small householders, master financiers and mistress domestic economists; times when the only thing which could chase dull care away was sharp care. And yet whenever we thought of Mr. Marshall we had to smile.

It is a great achievement to have dispelled, even at intervals, the national gloom over costs and taxes and things. It is a greater achievement to have lighted with rifts the deeper gloom which emanated from Washington—what might be called the Wilsonian gloom. But was Mr. Marshall content? Not on your Cuban passport picture, which outdoes even the once famous tintype in presenting plain facts. Mr. Marshall still is at it, and never misses a chance. As soon as Calvin Coolidge was nominated for the same job he telegraphed him condolences.

Great as his public services have been, that telegram should go down in history as the supreme achievement of Mr. Marshall's two terms as Vice-President.



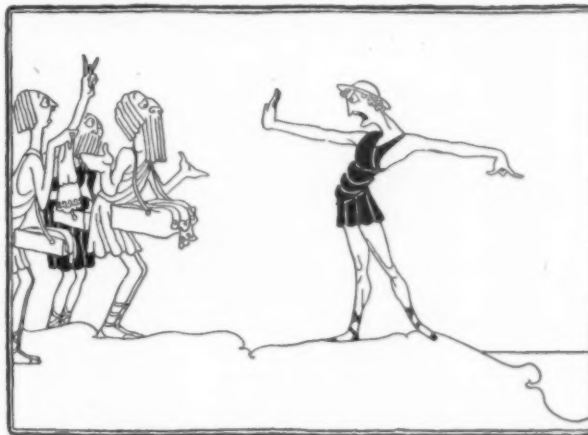
"SAY, PORTER, THAT ISN'T RIGHT; ONE'S A BLACK SHOE AN' THE OTHER IS A TAN."
"DAT'S A FUNNY THING, BOSS; YOU AM DE SECOND MAN DIS MORNING WHAT TOLE ME DAT."

If It Had Happened To-day

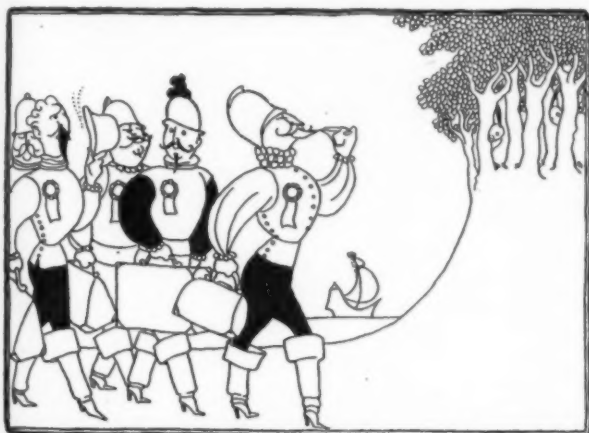
A Few News Dispatches That Throw New Light on History



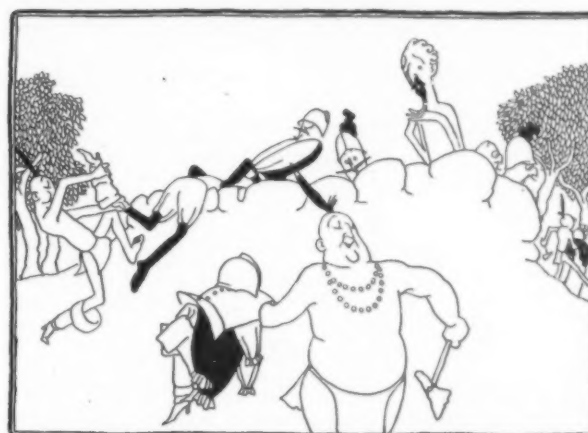
Coventry, England.—The people of Coventry registered a ringing protest against the high cost of living to-day by an Economy Parade, which was witnessed by thousands. It was headed by Lady Godiva, who wore the oldest clothes imaginable.



Sestos, Thrace.—Rather than pay the excessive prices demanded here for bathing suits, Kenneth T. Leander, a popular young swimming champion, of this place, drowned himself to-night in the Hellespont.



St. Augustine, Fla.—Headed by Prof. Ponce de Leon, a delegation of Spanish economists arrived here this morning to investigate reports that local clothing materials were obtainable at a fraction of Castille and Aragon prices.



St. Augustine, Fla. (Later).—Ponce de Leon, head of the Spanish Clothing Commission, announced to-night that, after a day's investigation, he would immediately build a fort for the defence of himself and his party from native merchants.



London.—Stern measures to curb the soaring cost of clothing and other essentials were inaugurated here to-day by Oliver Cromwell. Anyone wearing other than the plainest of clothes is subject to arrest and imprisonment under the new edict.



Paris.—A campaign against the high cost of hats was started here to-day when a prisoner in No. 1 Municipal Court appeared in an iron mask. Leading hatters express little concern over the incident.



Artist (figuring out income tax): THIS IS WONDERFUL, DEAR. BY THE MOST CAREFUL FIGURING, I FIND WE DON'T HAVE TO PAY A CENT OF TAXES; AND WHAT'S MORE, THE GOVERNMENT OWES US THREE HUNDRED AND SEVEN DOLLARS AND THIRTEEN CENTS

Strategy

OF all the dollies there was only one with which Ruby and Eda cared to play. Both wanted it at once. "I tell you, Eda," said Ruby at last, "you can be the nurse and I'll be the mamma." "All right," agreed Eda joyfully. "Hand me the baby, then," quickly commanded Ruby. "This is your Thursday afternoon off."



"THE HOLD-CLOTHES MAN IS HOUTSIDE, SIR."
"ALL RIGHT, JAMES; ASK HIM IF HE HAS ANYTHING THAT WILL FIT ME."

"Government Control"

FOLLOWING announcement that the Post-Office Department had taken over all privately owned department-store and shop delivery systems and that they would henceforth be operated as a unit under supervision of Postmaster-General Burleson, an official bulletin was issued, promising vastly improved service. All competition was eliminated, and the city was divided into delivery zones. All classes of delivery vehicles were absorbed into the common service, and a twenty-per-cent. increase was added to the price of all purchases to defray increased expenses. The new system became operative at once, and:

A piano truck with driver and three helpers delivered a necklace from Biffany's to Miss Bessie Bonbon of the Gaiety.

A butcher's cart hauled five hundred thousand dollars in securities from the Exchange Bank to the Associated National.

A florist's bicycle boy delivered a bathtub on a "trailer."

Tony's frail fruit wagon broke down under the weight of a piano.

A motor hearse delivered a layette at the X. Pectant home.

A moving van brought Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's pound of corned beef.

Ninety per cent. of the first day's customers telephoned that their orders remained undelivered.

Nine per cent. used the wires to announce that they had received the wrong parcels.

The newspapers carried front-page official announcements to the effect that the new system was working successfully.

After-Bedtime Stories

How Lillian Mosquito Projects Her Voice



ALL the children came crowding around Mother Nature one cold, raw afternoon in summer, crying in unison:

"Oh, Mother Nature, you promised us that you would tell us how Lillian Mosquito projects her voice! You promised that you would tell us how Lillian Mosquito projects her voice!"

"So I did! So I did!" said Mother Nature, laying down an oak, the leaves of which she was

tipping with scarlet for the fall trade. "And so I will! So I will!"

At which Waldo Lizard, Edna Elephant and Lawrence Walrus jumped with imitation joy, for they had hoped to have an afternoon off.

Mother Nature led them across the fields to the piazza of a clubhouse on which there was an exposed ankle belonging to one of the members. There, as she had expected, they found Lillian Mosquito having tea.

"Lillian," called Mother Nature, "come off a minute. I have some little friends here who would like to know how it is that you manage to hum in such a manner

as to give the impression of being just outside the ear of a person in bed, when actually you are across the room."

"Will you kindly repeat the question?" said Lillian, flying over to the railing.

"We want to know," said Mother Nature, "how it is that very often, when you have been fairly caught, it turns out that you have escaped without injury."

"I would prefer to answer the question as it was first put," said Lillian.

So Waldo Lizard, Edna Elephant and Lawrence Walrus, seeing that there was no way out, cried:

"Yes, yes, Lillian, do tell us."

"First of all, you must know," began Lillian Mosquito, "that my chief duty is to annoy. Whatever else I do, however many bites I total in the course of the evening, I do not consider that I have 'made good' unless I have caused a great deal of annoyance while doing it. A bite, quietly executed and not discovered by the victim until morning, does me no good. It is my duty, and my pleasure, to play with him before biting, as you have often heard a cat plays with a mouse, tormenting him with apprehension and making him struggle to defend himself.

. . . If I am using too long words for you, please stop me."

"Stop!" cried Waldo Lizard, reaching for his hat, with the idea of possibly

getting to the ball park by the fifth inning.

But he was prevented from leaving by kindly old Mother Nature, who stepped on him with her kindly old heel, and Lillian Mosquito continued:

"I must therefore, you see, be able to use my little voice with great skill. Of course, the first thing to do is to make my victim think that I am nearer to him than I really am. To do this, I sit quite still, let us say, on the footboard of the bed, and, beginning to hum in a very, very low tone of voice, increase the volume and raise the pitch gradually, thereby giving the effect of approaching the pillow.

"The man in bed thinks that he hears me coming toward his head, and I can often see him, waiting with clenched teeth until he thinks that I am near enough to swat. Sometimes I strike a quick little grace-note, as if I were right above him and about to make a landing. It is great fun at such times to see him suddenly strike himself over the ear (they always think that I am right at their ear), and then feel carefully between his finger tips to see if he has caught me. Then, too, there is always the pleasure of thinking that perhaps he has hurt himself quite badly by the blow. I have often known victims of mine to deafen themselves per-



AT THE COUNTY FAIR

IN THE FARMERS' FREE-FER-ALL EB STEBRI'S SORREL WOULD HEV GUT IT, BUT SO MUCH OATS AND HAYSEED BLOWED OUT OF HI MEDDERS' WHISKERS EB COULDN'T GIT THE HORSE TO QUIT A-FOLLERIN' HI. SO EB HE COME IN SECOND



IF THE GIRLS SHOULD WEAR THEIR OLD BATHING SUITS
THIS SUMMER

manently by jarring their eardrums in their wild attempts to catch me."

"What fun! What fun!" cried Edna Elephant. "I must try it myself just as soon as ever I get home."

"It is often a good plan to make believe that you have been caught after one of the swats," continued Lillian Mosquito, "and to keep quiet for a while. It makes him cocky. He thinks that he has demonstrated the superiority of man over the rest of the animals. Then he rolls over and starts to sleep. This is the time to begin work on him again. After he has slapped himself all over the face and head, and after he has put on the light and made a search of the room and then

gone back to bed to think up some new words, that is the time when I usually bring the climax about.

"Gradually approaching him from the right, I hum loudly at his ear. Then, suddenly becoming quiet, I fly silently and quickly around to his neck. Just as he hits himself on the ear, I bite his neck and fly away. And, *voilà*, there you are!"

"How true that is!" said Mother Nature. "*Voilà*, there we are! . . . Come, children, let us go now, for we must be up bright and early to-morrow to learn how Lois Hen scratches up the beets and Swiss chard in gentlemen's gardens."

Robert C. Benchley.



Valet: BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I 'AVE AN IDEA I 'EAR BURGLARS IN THE DINING-ROOM.
Master: BY JOVE! BRING ME THE SHORT GUN, PARKER, AND I'LL WEAR MY SPORT SUIT.

Songs

"WHAT use are all my songs?" the singer said.

"She will not hear them,
And all their magic and their joy is dead
And wasted quite."

Yet they were songs that touched a thousand hearts

And served to cheer them.

How shall the singer know what he imparts

Of life and light?

For no song made of truth is sung in vain.

Though one who wrought it

May find the heart he sang to all disdain,

Untouched and chill,

Somehow, somewhere, that song will reach the ear

Of one who sought it—

So shall its every cadence, year on year,
Be singing still!

Berton Braley.

Why They Don't Wear Old Clothes

FATHER—Because he never can tell when he might be detained at the office on business.

Brother Bill—Because he has got to look his best in case he meets (a) a certain young lady, (b) her father, (c) her mother, (d) any other near relative of (a).

Sister May—Because everybody would know it if she put on one of last year's dresses.

Angela, aged five—Because she has outgrown everything she ever wore.

Tommy, aged seven—Because he has outworn everything he hasn't outgrown.

The Richest Man in Town—Because he can't afford to look shabby.

The Poorest Man in Town—Same reason.

The Mayor—Because he is mayor.

His Chief Rival—Because he hopes to become mayor.

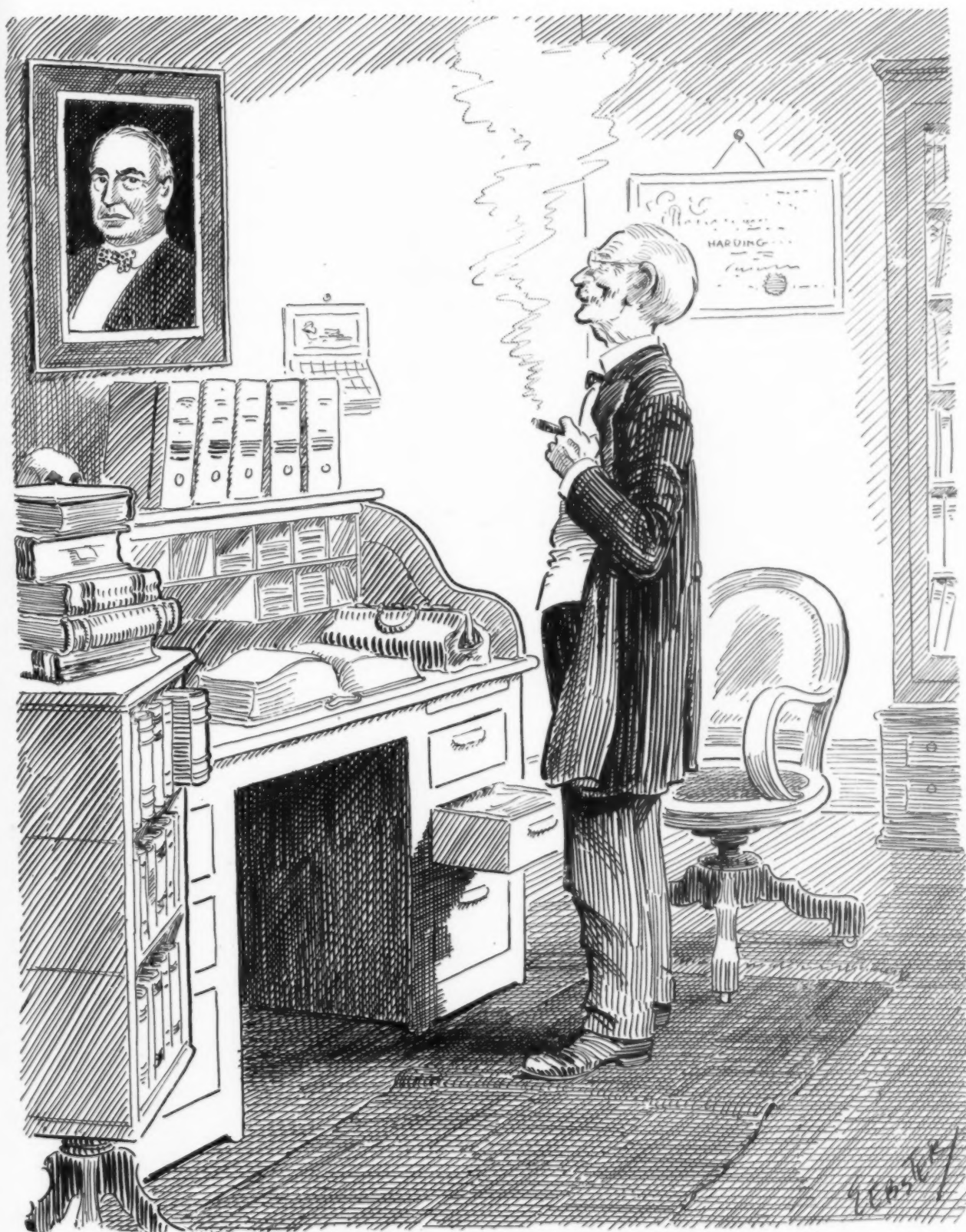
The President of the Ladies' Federation—Because the newspapers are forever sending photographers after her.

Mother—Because there's no fun playing the game alone.

Its Attractiveness

PROSPECTIVE BUYER: You talk about the desirable location of this house, but I don't see it.

REAL-ESTATE AGENT: You don't! Why, Great Scott, man, it is just across the street from a still, just around the corner from the Canadian Bootleggers' Club, and seventy per cent. of all the home brew in the city is made within five blocks of this house.



THE FATHER OF THE CANDIDATE

ONE MAN WHO SEES NOTHING INCONGRUOUS IN THE SELECTION OF THE NOMINEE



"HOW ABOUT THIS ONE? STERLING SILVER; A VERY HANDSOME DINNER PAIL;
AND ONLY FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY DOLLARS."

"NA-A-A-AH! NA-AH! 'S'NOCK COOD ENOUGH! WAN' SOME'ING COS' MORE!"

More Ethnology

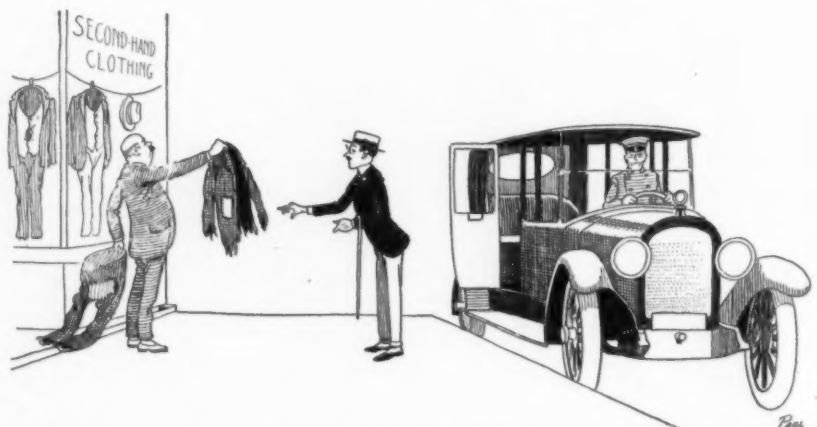
COULD I have enough of food,
I should love to be a Zhmud,
Or a Chuvash, or a Tajik, or a Lapp;
I would merrily steal kisses
From the gentle Cheremisses,
And for Sarts and Uzbegs wouldn't
give a rap.

Baskirs, Tunguses and Finns
Wouldn't bother me two pins,
Nor Permiaks, nor any tribe as great.
Could I have enough of food,
I should love to be a Zhmud—
Or a Kirghiz or a Yakut or a Tate.

Henry William Hanemann.

POST: A man can die but once.

PARKER: Once used to be enough,
until these psychic experts got busy.



WEAR YOUR OLD CLOTHES

PATHETIC CASE OF THE MAN WHO HAS NO OLD CLOTHES AND WHO HAS TO BUY SOME

Advertisement!

DO you live in an Italian Renaissance villa? If so, what are you going to do about it?

Thousands of people who live in Italian Renaissance villas die annually in Italian Renaissance villas. Why be one of them?

Let me fix you up with a Greek temple, a Gothic castle or an old Colonial manse. It's the easiest thing in the world, once you know how. Simply move the family and the family servants and the servants' servants out and give me a chance. You have no idea what you can do with your Italian Renaissance villa until you try.

How about a Byzantine bungalow, a Mission residence, a Tudor château, a German schloss, a Moorish hunting lodge, an Alaskan igloo, a Swiss chalet? I know them all intimately. I have got their numbers. Just say the word and the one you want is yours.

My catalogue explains all. It is handsomely illustrated in three colors. Send for it to-day. Select the kind of house you want and wire me the serial number. Then beat it with your family, and stay away for a month or two. My men will do the rest. You won't know the old home when you get back.

I guarantee to take any town house, country house, suburban dwelling or rural birthplace and turn it into something you never laid eyes on before. No plans, no specifications, no extras.

And positively no architect's fees. I am not an architect, and I'm proud of it.

I. PLINTH, Exterior Desecrator,

Room 4590, Comeon Building,

Chicago, Ill.

VERY FAT WIFE: Kiss me, dear.

VERY LEAN HUSBAND: I will when I get around to it.



HOOCH
ONE RAISIN TOO MANY



JULY 29, 1920

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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the two great parties for President can last from June until November without making himself understood.



NOW is the time for all unimportant things to get attention. About the important things

we are still in a state of political catalepsy. If we knew what to do about them, we could not do it.

It is really a time of watchful waiting. We wait because we can't hurry the exercises; we watch because we have much to learn and because something may turn up.

We observe more or less languidly what happens—how many people are run over by the motors, what the crop reports promise, what murders transpire, what kind of troubles develop in Europe. Our chief duty for the moment is to try and get acquainted with those two gentlemen from Ohio, one of whom is likely to be President next year.

They still seem like nice gentlemen, but it is pretty early in the season. It is funny how definite the public idea is of the two candidates for Vice-President and how vague the public notion is of the candidates for the greater office. Mr. Franklin Roosevelt has been more or less before the whole country for nearly eight years. Governor Calvin Coolidge had a good, strong advertisement last year that went all over the country. People hereabouts think they know about both of them, but those Ohio gentlemen are strangers to us. We do not think ill of either of them, but neither of them yet clothes an idea in flesh for our eyes and makes it visible to us. To us they are new players, and when they come to the plate we have no idea at all whether

they can hit the ball or where they may drive it. To acquire such an idea—to transmute the names "Harding" and "Cox" into their equivalents in political expectation, is the main political employment of the hour. It is something to be done gradually, that does not call for more intense exertion than to read the papers, and is a suitable exercise for mid-summer.

It is a great change after the men we have been used to for a dozen years—Bryan, Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes, Wilson. We had got to know them all, and either thought well of them or not, either wanted them or didn't; but these two new Buckeyes that are offered to us to choose from are, so far, just buckeyes, shining and handsome, but as to their quality and uses altogether experimental. Mr. Harding is introduced as a possible replica of McKinley. But is he one, and if he is, do we want one? If Mr. Lodge had been offered to us, or Hiram Johnson or General Wood, we would not have had to ask to see his picture, or study his record.

How shall we identify Governor Cox? It is not suggested that he is a McKinley. He is a successful business man, which McKinley was not. What kind of meat is there really inside of his shiny brown buckeye shell? Is he a coming Grover Cleveland? Is there anything in him that on occasion can burst into flame?

In Mr. Harding there has been disclosed as yet no sign of leadership, but, on the contrary, appreciable indications of followership. Governor Cox has had less time to disclose his quality, but there will be time enough for both of them to reveal themselves, and without doubt both will be revealed. No candidate of one of

AND after all, though it is likely that one of these Ohio gentlemen will be our next President, it is not certain. It takes a majority of the votes of the electoral college to elect a President, and possibly neither of them will get a majority. If neither does, a President is elected by the House of Representatives voting by states, and that possibly may happen this year. If the House cannot do the job it goes to the Senate, as the Constitution prescribes.

That is one thing that makes the third party, which at this writing is trying to combine, an interesting movement, and makes one look at its efforts to devise a platform with attention and some sympathy, and not without respect. The Republican platform was devised not so much to disclose the aims and convictions of the party, as not to scare off any possible Republican voters. The Democratic platform, though much better and much more positive, was planned to support the Administration and conciliate some Democrats who opposed it. The Third Party, while not embarrassed by Republican or Democratic obligations and free to put in its platform anything whatever that looks good to its supporters, has troubles of its own, just like the other parties, because of the difficulty in getting birds not of a feather to perch on the same planks. Because an assortment of voters like neither the Republican nor the Democratic program, it does not follow at all that there is a program that they can agree upon. Not even radicals find it easy to agree. No more do religious people. Rogues fall out, much more so politicians, and that, no doubt, is the great reason why this world does not proceed more precipitately to the

demonstration bow-wows. So long as the La Follettes stand off the Plumbs, and the Cohalans confuse the Valeras, and the Penroses shackle the Johnsons, and the Burlesons and Danielses impede the Palmers, and Hearst lies low and has his bargain to make with any winner, we are likely to muddle along without any violent political catastrophe. In a multitude of counsellors there is safety, chiefly because they won't be able to agree on anything rash. When it comes time for a great idea or a great policy to be put through, a leader is produced with force or guile enough in him to accomplish it.

If the Third Party politicians can fix up a platform in which they can carry two or three states—such as Wisconsin—they may be able, as suggested, to throw the election into the House. So whenever that begins to seem possible, it will be in order for forward-looking persons to consider whom the House, voting by states, with one vote to each state, would be likely to choose.



BUT meanwhile, and while we are waiting, and there is nothing political that we can do except try to get acquainted with the candidates, we can think of lighter matters proper to the dog days, like the yacht race.

It is funny to have that yacht race. Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge was a sort of bluff to support the suggestion that, the war being over and the Germans happily licked, this was the same old happy-go-lucky world as heretofore, only luckier, and we ought to go on doing what we always did.

No doubt there are plenty of people who think so now. Horse races prosper; shows are a great topic; and people who can pay or dodge their rent and overcome the H. C. L. crowd to both abundantly. The great topic of Labor when it is not at work, or in convention, or on strike, is reported to be *dress*. Labor gets very high pay, and is having its turn at the delights and excitements of fine raiment. Men waiting in barber shops talk about silk shirts and the cost of good clothes, and exhibit both, and compare bargains. Women have always had an interest, recognized as legitimate, in such matters, but for workingmen it is a new development, and not a little interesting.

While our curious and anomalous relation to Europe and all things European continues, racing for the America's cup



GOLIATH EXPLAINS EXACTLY WHAT DAVID'S FINISH IS GOING TO BE

seems funny, as observed, and is possibly a heavier job of sport than our yachtsmen would have taken on this summer if they had had their choice. And it is something of an anticlimax too, but it won't do any harm, and in some ways it may do good, and if Sir Thomas takes home the cup, his victory will be almost as popular here as it will be in Ireland.



AT all events, the races come at a good time in the year; a time, as remarked above, for all unimportant things to get attention. It was probably not for that reason that the venerable ex-Empress Eugenie chose it as a suitable time to bid farewell to earth, but all the same her departure was made with judgment. If she had died in war time it would have been mentioned in the paper and recorded by the almanac makers, and that would have been all about it. As it was, all the papers had her picture and editorial reflections on her career.

Eugenie may not have been useful in the world, but she was considerably deco-

orative, and on the whole remarkably successful in her adventure. While she was Empress she liked the job, and got out of it pretty much all there was in it. She set the fashions for the world, had a first-rate time as enjoyment was reckoned by people of her sort in Paris, and conducted herself with personal, if not political, discretion. When the crash came she was able to retire with her husband and an ample fortune to England, and to live there with dignity in the best society. She lost her husband, which was to be expected; she lost her son, which was an untimely misfortune. That she should have lived on fifty years after 1870 to see the Great War that was the fruit of the war that pulled out her tinsel throne from under her, and to see France win it, was the real romance of her story, and the thing that made her finally an interesting historical figure that had survived the world that she belonged to.

Her life is an encouragement to us all to try to outlive the troubles of our world. Troubles just now abound, but for persons who have the resolution and the means of support to live through them, there are times coming that promise to be worth living on to see.



Portrait of a Young Man Making a



C. E. Cline

Making an Important Decision



THE SMYTHS ARE WEARING OUT SOME OLD CARNIVAL COSTUMES TO SAVE THEIR REGULAR CLOTHES

Outdoing Solomon

THERE was once a Young Man of the East who had placed a powerful Genie under great obligation.

"Express a wish and I will grant it for you," said the Genie.

"But think well before speaking, for you can have only one." "May I have a few days to consider the matter?" he demanded.

"Certainly," replied the Genie. "Take all the time you want



"THERE'S A BRIGHT SIDE TO THIS HIGH COST O' CLOTHES—
THE OLD-CLOTHES MEN DON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE"

—ten years if you like. Here, rub this ring when you want me, and I will appear," and he handed a ring to the Young Man. Then he disappeared.

"There's no need for hurry," thought the Young Man, and he placed the ring in a trunk for safe-keeping. Months, years passed, but he still deferred calling on the Genie to redeem his promise. In the end the ring faded from his memory. But one day when old age was approaching he bethought him of the ring and decided to call the Genie. In response to his summons, the spirit appeared.

"Here's your ring," said the Old Man who had once been Young. "I have no further use for it. I've grown old very successfully without it."

The Genie took the ring and regarded him with an approving smile.

"You acted with rare discretion. Had you uttered a wish when I gave you the ring it would almost certainly have been either for riches, wisdom or love. Riches would have ruined you, sudden wisdom at that time of life in a world of fools would have maddened you, and love unsought for and unprized would have disgusted you. As it is, by your own efforts you have acquired all three of these blessings and learned how to appreciate them. God be with you!" and this time he disappeared forever.

W. W. Whitelock.

Culture!

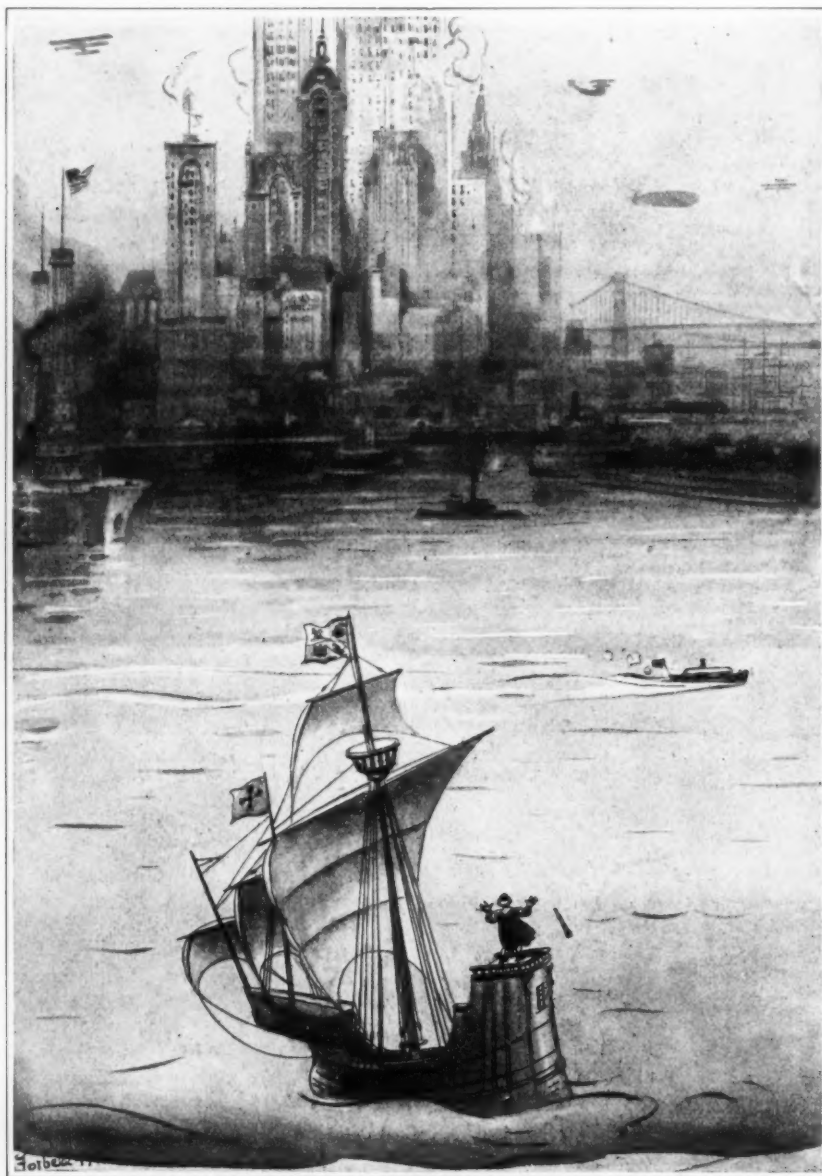
JIGGS: Townsen can read three languages.

TRIGGS: What are they?

JIGGS: Magazines, sporting pages and railroad time-tables.



The Poet: I COULD SIT AND LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF THE SEA FOR HOURS AND HOURS AND HOURS.
His Wife: OH! COULD YOU? IT'S A PRECIOUS SIGHT MORE'N YOU'D EVER DO FOR ME.



WOULD COLUMBUS HAVE TURNED BACK IF ———?

What Is So Rare As a Day in June?

A DAY in the country without any poison ivy.

A day before a holiday when you are able to get a seat in the train.

A day during which the telephone operator gives you every number correctly.

A day at the beach minus sunburn.

The same day without any lunch parties or small boys throwing balls.

A Fourth of July without accidents.

The first of the month without a bill.

A wedding day on which no one re-

marks that the bride might have done better.

A day on which the boss calls you into his office and says, "Young man, we have decided that you are worth more to us."

A day on which you take the first ride in your new car.

Pay day.

CHARLIE: What you say just goes in one ear and out the other.

JOHNNY: Impossible!

"Why?"

"Sound can't cross a vacuum, you know, old fellow."

More Fresh Air Endowments

IF you should wake in the middle of one of these sweltering nights when sleep is difficult even in your own comfortable or luxurious surroundings and conveniences, give a moment or two of your waking thoughts to what at that time is being endured by the little children of the poor in New York's crowded tenements. To be sure, work is plentiful and wages are high, and, if parents were always thrifty, or were wise enough to live in the country, we should have no children suffering in the city from summer heat.

Unfortunately, no matter whose the fault, these little poor children we have always with us, and it is the mission of LIFE's Fresh Air Fund to give some of them each summer a little respite from misery for which they, in any case, are not to blame.

The already established endowments are now doing their work of helping these children, and will continue to do it in perpetuity. If you are interested to know just how to establish one, the method is shown below.

There have been received, from Mrs. A. Millard of New York City, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NUMBER 168
Lovingly remembering SAMUEL BROWN MILLARD, 1889-1908.

From Mrs. William N. Strong of Washington, D. C., funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NUMBER 169
In Memory of my son, WILLIAM STRONG, Jr., Lieutenant in Canadian Expeditionary Force, who was gassed at Vimy Ridge and died as the result.

From Carl Taylor, Esq., of New York City, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NUMBER 170
From and in the name of MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS COMMISSION FOR THE RELIEF OF ALLIED PRISONERS IN GERMANY.

Also through Mr. Taylor, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NUMBER 171
From and in the name of MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS COMMISSION FOR NORTHERN RUSSIA AND THE BALTIC STATES.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Victory notes or Liberty Loan 4½-per-cent. bonds should be sent by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses.



WHILE THE WORLD WAITS

De Trop

THE best-seller-to-be was pulsating its way toward a throbbing but entirely well-bred climax when, in chapter twenty-three, a hopelessly unliterary thing happened. A common—an impossible—character came uninvited into the drawing-room.

He was not picturesque enough to be dramatic, not spirited enough to be melodramatic. Cheaply dressed, unathletic, he was utterly lacking in wit or cynical repartee, danced badly, talked flatly, had no sort of presence—in short, he wouldn't do.

"If he were either handsome or fascinatingly ugly," said the heroine, "I might fall in love with him—but—"

"He's neither romantically innocent nor interestingly wicked," commented the vampire. "I don't see what I can do with him."

"Who can either thrash or snub a nonentity?" asked the hero.

So the disgusted butler threw him out.

"I had it coming to me," remarked the ejected one, dusting off his clothes and rubbing a splintered elbow. "It's what an author gets for trying to project himself into his own fiction."

An Amateur

"HAS young Speeder a driver's license?"

"No. He applied for one, but they said he hadn't come up to the required average yet, as he has only killed ten hens, maimed seven pedestrians, wrecked four cars, and has been picked up for speeding only nineteen times.

HE: How long have you loved me, darling?

SHE: Ever since Mabel tried to take you away from me.



HOW SOME CLERKS MAKE YOU FEEL WHEN THEY HAVEN'T YOUR SIZE



THAT OLD SUIT

"WAIT A SECOND, JACK, TILL I SEE IF MY HAT IS ON STRAIGHT"

Love at the Crossroads

"THIS road and that road—neither one I know!
Which way is the true way that my feet should go?"

Answered he, the old man, dreaming by the way,
"Blind the road of life is; bide a while and pray!"

"This way or that way—down each road I see
Silent hills before me, vales of mystery!"

Murmured he, the graybeard, in a musing tone,
"O'er the hills and far away, go not, lass, alone."

"This way or that way—one may lead to tears;
One to joy and laughter all the happy years!"

Answered he, the old man, smiling tenderly,
"Wait until adown the road Love shall beckon thee!"

Arthur Wallace Peach.

Punctuation Marks

, ; : — ! ?

SIR: We are seven.

Period is our smallest and our greatest. It does the most work and the best. It can stop anything from a word to an express train of thought. It is the noted abbreviator. Many writers should use more Periods. That would make their sentences shorter and more intelligible. Some of the best modern writers use it almost exclusively.

Comma is the great short stop. Most of the time it serves as a substitute for "and," "or," "but" and the like. It also

does other small jobs. Commas like to go in pairs or series. Once started, they have a tendency to string along like a row of fence posts, until a Period steps in and stops the rambling.

Semicolon is a Period sitting on top of a Comma. It may be the result of a family quarrel, or perhaps it was first made by a writer who wasn't sure which to use, and so used both. Efforts are sometimes made to hitch two of us up side by side, but nothing is gained thereby.

Colon is a favorite go-between. It is fond of serving as chairman of the introduction committee.

Dash we mention apologetically. It has less excuse for being than any other member of the family. It has a bad habit of associating with careless writers and those who don't know what else to use. It is frequently seen in company with afterthoughts and stutters. When tempted to use a Dash, try a Period, and then begin a new sentence.

Exclamation Point is the dramatic and spectacular member of the family. It is excitable and noisy, and gets on people's nerves. It really should be kept in close confinement most of the time and be allowed at liberty only at ball games and on special occasions like the Fourth of July.

Question Mark is large and graceful but modest. It asks for information, but it needs no explanation or defense. It does not dictate or dogmatize. By calling for more light it clears up misunderstandings and promotes harmony.

Sir, we are at your service. Our motto is, "More Light," which comes when we are properly used. But we do not guarantee against density of expression. We refuse to serve as a substitute for thinking. Please be free to call on us.

William F. Yust.



Director: YOU RUN TO BRIDGE, LOOK UP AND JUMP!

Young Actor: BUT I CAN'T SWIM!

Director: OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU'D SPOIL THE FILM IF YOU DID.



JIMMIE MAKES A DISCOVERY ON HIS BIRTHDAY, AND SO GIVES A PARTY



Rhymed Reviews

Invincible Minnie

(By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. Geo. H. Doran Company)

A WEIRDER beast than unicorn
Or basilisk described by Pliny
Is this receptacle of scorn,
The truly admirable Minnie.

By stuffing straw in female clothes
The Author viciously creates her
With every fault said Author loathes,
And then elaborately hates her.

How Minnie nursed her moral taint
Of stupid selfishness, but hid it,
And seemed a sweet, domestic saint,
I fail to see—but Minnie did it.

By methods crude as crudest oil
She stole her sister's only fellow,
Who spun not, neither did he toil,
A pleasant waster, tinted yellow.

A female of the Minnie kind,
While dead to loftier emotion,
May show to mate or child, we find,
A reckless, ruinous devotion.

So, since her husband must be fed,
No matter what must happen later,
Our Minnie bigamously wed
A wealthy Swedish real-estater.

And Minnie stole, and Minnie lied,
And Minnie grafted, wholly lawless,
Yet always smugly satisfied
That all her acts were pure and flawless.

'Tis not Romance, the Author deems,
Nor Realism. On the Bible,
I'll say she's right in that; it seems
Like what they used to call a Libel.

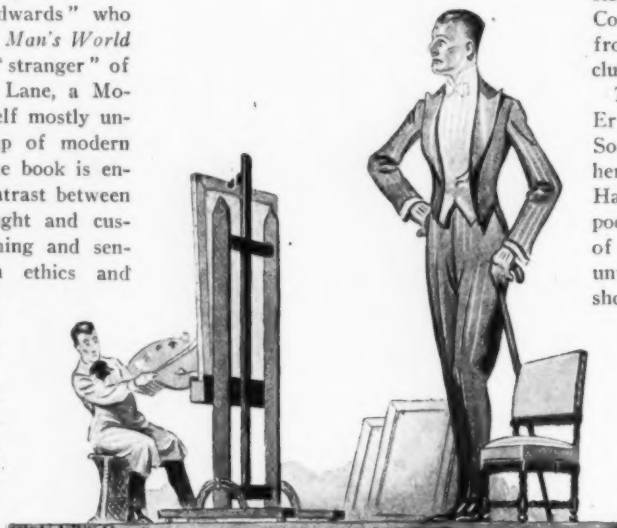
Arthur Guiterman.

The Latest Books

THE STRANGER, by Arthur Bullard. (The Macmillan Company.) Mr. Bullard is the "Albert Edwards" who wrote two earlier novels, *A Man's World* and *Comrade Yetta*. The "stranger" of his present tale is Donald Lane, a Mohammedan, who finds himself mostly uncomfortable among a group of modern New Yorkers. Much of the book is entertaining reading in its contrast between Eastern and Western thought and customs; there is some searching and sensible comment on human ethics and ideals; the story is nothing. Such a use of fiction always tends to stir in us the most violent resentment, but (we reflect) the feeling is probably unjustified, or else we should be just as angry with the doctor who offers us a sugar-coated pill.

John Silence: Physician Extraordinary, by Algernon Blackwood. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) A new

American edition of five stories in which Dr. John Silence, who is a sort of Sherlock Holmes of the spiritual world, solves



MODERN FAIRY TALES

"ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A GIANT"
(AND HE MADE LOTS OF MONEY POSING FOR MEN'S FASHIONS)

LIFE'S Choice

The Best Six Current Books

The Rescue, by Joseph Conrad.
The Power of a Lie, by Johan Bojer.
This Simian World, by Clarence Day, Jr.
The Ordeal of Mark Twain, by Van Wyck Brooks.
A Brief History of the Great War, by Carlton J. H. Hayes.
Lancelot, by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

cases of house-haunting, sorcery and the like. Rather wonderful yarns, if you can swallow 'em.

Wanderings, by Richard Curle. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Mr. Curle has been approximately everywhere—Damascus, Jamaica, Spain, Cape Town, Peru, mid-Africa, Sark (the island, not the animal), Greece, the Austrian Dolomites, and so on. His book is a corking jumble. Not a guidebook, a word-picture book. And how he can write!

Affinities and Other Stories, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (George H. Doran Company.) Five; they first appeared from five to eleven years ago; country club and suffragette themes.

The Foolish Lovers, by St. John G. Ervine. (The Macmillan Company.) Social comedy on English themes, with here and there the seriousness of satire. Has fun with journalism, some kinds of poets, some kinds of radicalism, phases of the theatre and book publishing. Quite unworthy of Mr. Ervine's talent, and shocking in its implied praise of the humdrum.

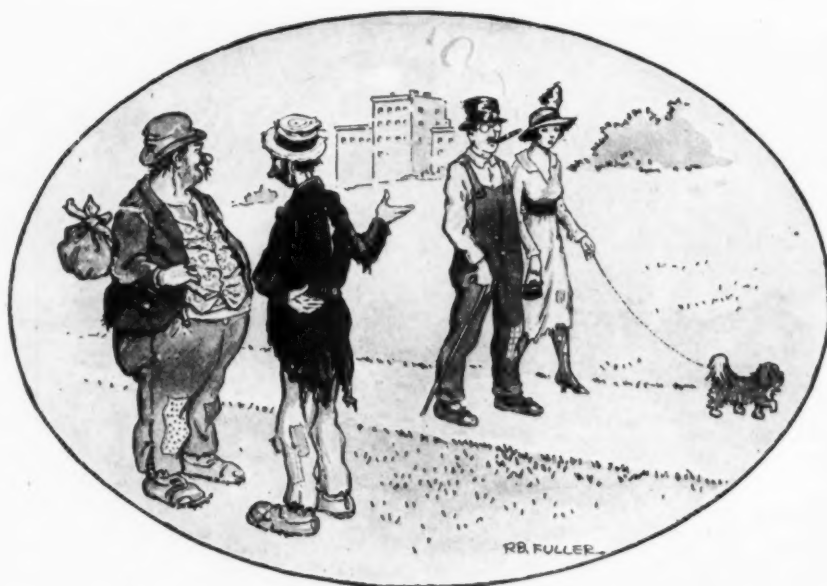
An Imperfect Mother, by J. D. Beresford. (The Macmillan Company.) An attempt consciously to apply the principles of psycho-analysis to a story of adolescence; as such it fails badly. Yet a good deal of it is interesting reading.

26 Jayne Street, by Mary Austin. (Houghton Mifflin Company.) A young American woman, returning

(Continued on page 209)



“Comrade!”



Dusty Rhodes: IT'S JUST AS I TELL YE, WILLIE—WE'RE RIGHT IN STYLE

Announcement

READ the *Morning Mush*! Encouraged by its acknowledged supremacy in national-convention reporting, the *Morning Mush* is pleased to announce that the same unparalleled staff of experts who furnished such amazing reports from Chicago and San Francisco will write for its readers exclusively throughout the presidential campaign.

Heading the list will be Jack Puncher, the Hoboken heavyweight champion, who will write his impressions of the struggle under his original title, "Putting the Punch into the Campaign." Puncher's writings are like his titles, full of originality, and many of his humorous passages are as subtle as his use of the word "punch" in beginning this series.

Dainty Jessie Dove, the motion-picture idol, will have her own department, "The

Political Screen," in which the ideas of this talented and beautiful girl will be set forth.

That great international journalist and writer of force, Mortimore P. Keyboard, whom the *Mush* brought from England at great expense, will cover every angle of the news with his penetrating British mind. In addition to these stars of journalism, the stories of Flossie Flif, Bugs Bare and Old Cy Young will appear.

Wishing to embellish these unequalled features with something light and humorous, the *Mush* is pleased to announce that it has engaged for a special article every day on the presidential situation, Dodo, the world-famed clown whose antics have made the capitals of Europe hold their sides.

The Modern Way

MRS. BEYER: What is the trend of styles in house furnishings at the present time?

MRS. SELLER: Ultra-antique, I should call it. Folks don't have house-room for anything more than the aboriginal kettle and a place to sleep.

SHE: How do you mean, she is burning the candle at both ends?

HE: She is running her high-powered car on dividends she expects from her wild-cat oil-stocks.

ONE half the profiteers don't know how the other half profits.



DOMESTIC SCENE FROM THE DECORATION OF AN EGYPTIAN TOMB, PROVING THAT THE RACE OF GIM-MES, STILL EXISTENT, WAS STRONG AS LONG AGO AS 400 B. C.



A new Gillette Razor the Big Fellow

THIS is it—the Big Fellow—the sensational new Gillette.

At once the greatest razor advancement of a generation and the most instantaneous success.

The razor big-handed men everywhere have expectantly waited for.

We never knew how many big men there are in America until a few months ago when the demand from big-fisted chaps for the Big Fellow swept over the country.

Speak for your Big Fellow today. Put one of those tried Gillette Blades in it—and shave.

*No Stropping
No Honing*

Gillette
MADE IN U. S. A.
TRADE MARK
Boston
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

Canadian Factory:
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Montreal, Quebec

New York
Chicago
San Francisco
London

Paris
Milan
Madrid
Brussels

Copenhagen
Amsterdam
Geneva
Buenos Aires

Sydney
Shanghai
Singapore
Calcutta

Saloniki
Port Elizabeth
Rio de Janeiro
Tokyo



A Sufficient Excuse

There was a wild and frenzied scatterment. Men, white-faced and staring-eyed, fled as if pursued by a pestilence. They dropped whatever they had in hand and stood not upon the order of their going, but departed like frightened roebucks, hitting only the high places as they went.

"Why are the people fleeing?" we asked.

"A candidate who calls himself 'the Friend of the People' has just come to town," replied an innocent bystander who had no vote.—*Kansas City Star*.

Objection

KNICKER: Why is Jones resigning his job?

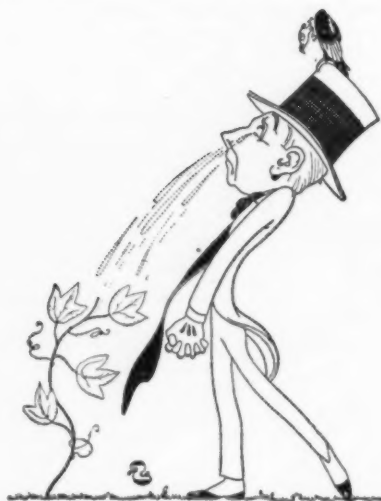
BOCKER: He hasn't got enough not to do.
—*Sun and New York Herald*.

GUEST: Thanks a million for that drink.

HOST: Don't mention it.

GUEST: Lord, no! I won't tell a soul.

—*Stanford Chaparral*.



DIRGE—1920

A hop vine by the river's brim
A simple hop vine was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Sign of the Times

Once the nations used to farm. Now they hold agricultural congresses.

—*New York Evening Sun*.

Encored for an Envoy

A baritone, invited to contribute to the programme in a village concert, was told that the local blacksmith was the chairman, and "would he sing something topical?" So the singer chose the immemorial "Village Blacksmith." The song went with great éclat. In loud acclamation, the singer was encored and encored again and again. He returned to the platform and, in response to his welcome, was about to perpetrate an operatic classic, when the chairman leaned towards him and said: "Oye; don't zing nothin' different. Just ye zing th' zime zong again; but put in an extra verse to zay as 'ow I lets out boizicles on 'ire.'—*Sketch*.

Shakespeare at a Glance

A teacher gave her classes a test in which she asked them to name five of Shakespeare's plays. Among the titles received were these: "King Liar," "A Merchant of Venus," "Old Fellow," "McBath," "Omelet."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A More Liberal Attitude

"Don't you resent the crowded street cars?"

"Not any more. The only thing that irritates me now is a car so full that I can't get on board."—*Washington Star*.

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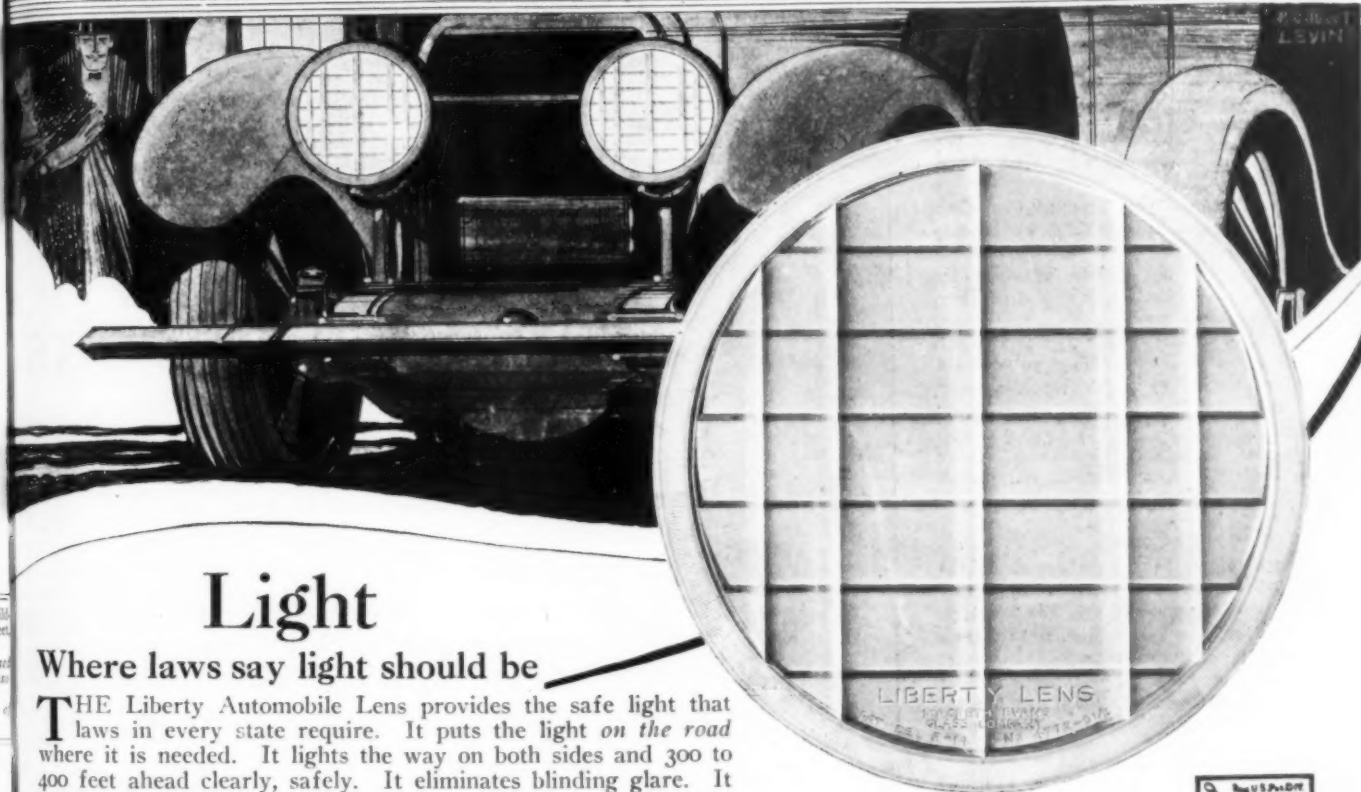
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Hypnotic Bugler

Two darkies in a negro regiment were boasting about their company buglers.

"G'long wit' you, boy," said one; "you ain't got no booglers. We is got the boogler, and when 'at boy wraps his off lip around that horn and blows pay-call it sounds jes' like that um Boston simphony band playin' 'The Rosary.'"

"Yeh, I hearn you," replied the other. "Talk up, boy; talk up. Yo' is wadin' deep into trouble."

"—An' when he sounds 'at tapoo the angile Gabri'ell hisself is lendin' a ear, boy. A ear is what I says."

"Well, if yo' likes musik they is all right, but if yo' is yearnin' fo' food yo' wants a boogler with an hypnotic note like we is got. Boy, when Ah hears ole Custard-Mouth Jones discharge his blast Ah looks at mah beans and Ah says, 'Strawberrehs, behave yo'selves! Yo' is crowdin' the whip cream out o' mah dish.'"—*Gold Chevron.*

Correct

Mrs. Profiteer was very proud of the stunts they were doing at the smart private school to which she had sent her daughter.

"My dear," she said to her friend, "she's learning civics, if you please."

"What's civics?" asked the friend.

"Civics? My dear, don't you know? Why, it's the science of interfering in public affairs."—*London Post.*

CLOWN: What became of the ventriloquist you used to have?

CIRCUS MANAGER: Oh, he found he could make more money selling parrots.

—*Yale Record.*

ONE of the safest formulæ in book reviewing is the statement that "boys of all ages will like this book." The formula is not as safe as it used to be, for boys are growing sophisticated, and some of them even write novels about college life.

—*New York Tribune.*

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The Latest Books

(Continued from page 202)

on a long residence abroad, settles Greenwich Village shortly before April. Mrs. Austin's purpose is to show various types of radicalism in public and personal interaction; the result is what may be called a novel of opinion, since the story is wholly subordinate to everybody's "view" of this, that and the other. *Tamarisk Town*, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. (P. Dutton & Co.) Another novel of sex, like the author's *Sussex Gorse*, is a worthy successor to that fine fiction. The story of a man who had to choose between a woman and a town that, as we say, "the pride of his heart." chose the town; then the woman chose herself, and by that act placed herself between him and his choice.

Have We a Far-Eastern Policy? by Charles H. Sherrill. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) General Sherrill favors friendship with Japan rather than concern for Canada; wants Canada, Australia and the United States to police the Pacific; wants

Sure Relief



Australia or Great Britain to hold the Caroline and Marshall Islands, and suggests that we induce Japan to relinquish her claims to them by granting her greater leeway in northwest Asia.

The Autobiography of a Race Horse, by L. B. Yates. (George H. Doran Company.) Mighty good reading; and we should think any lover of sport in general would devour it.

Poems: 1916-1918, by Francis Brett Young. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) As a poet,

Captain Brett Young, though entirely worthy of the company of young English poets in which he finds himself—Sassoon, Squire, Nichols, Graves and the rest—achieves, so far, no such special distinction as he gained in fiction with *The Crescent Moon*. The only original coloring in these verses is in the poems on African themes and the long poem, "Thamar," inscribed to Thamar Karsavina, the dancer.

Grant M. Overton.



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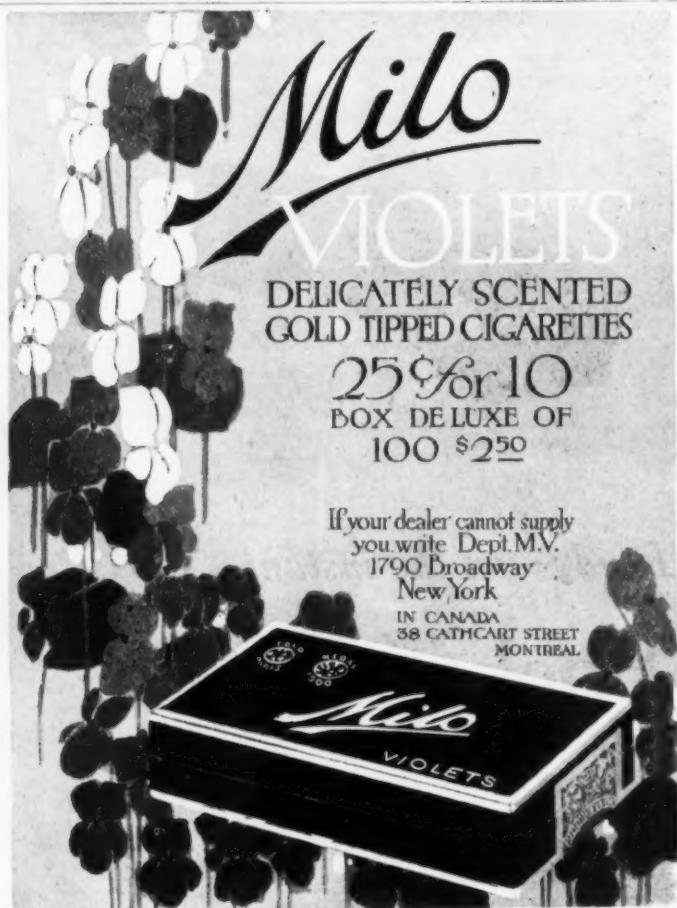
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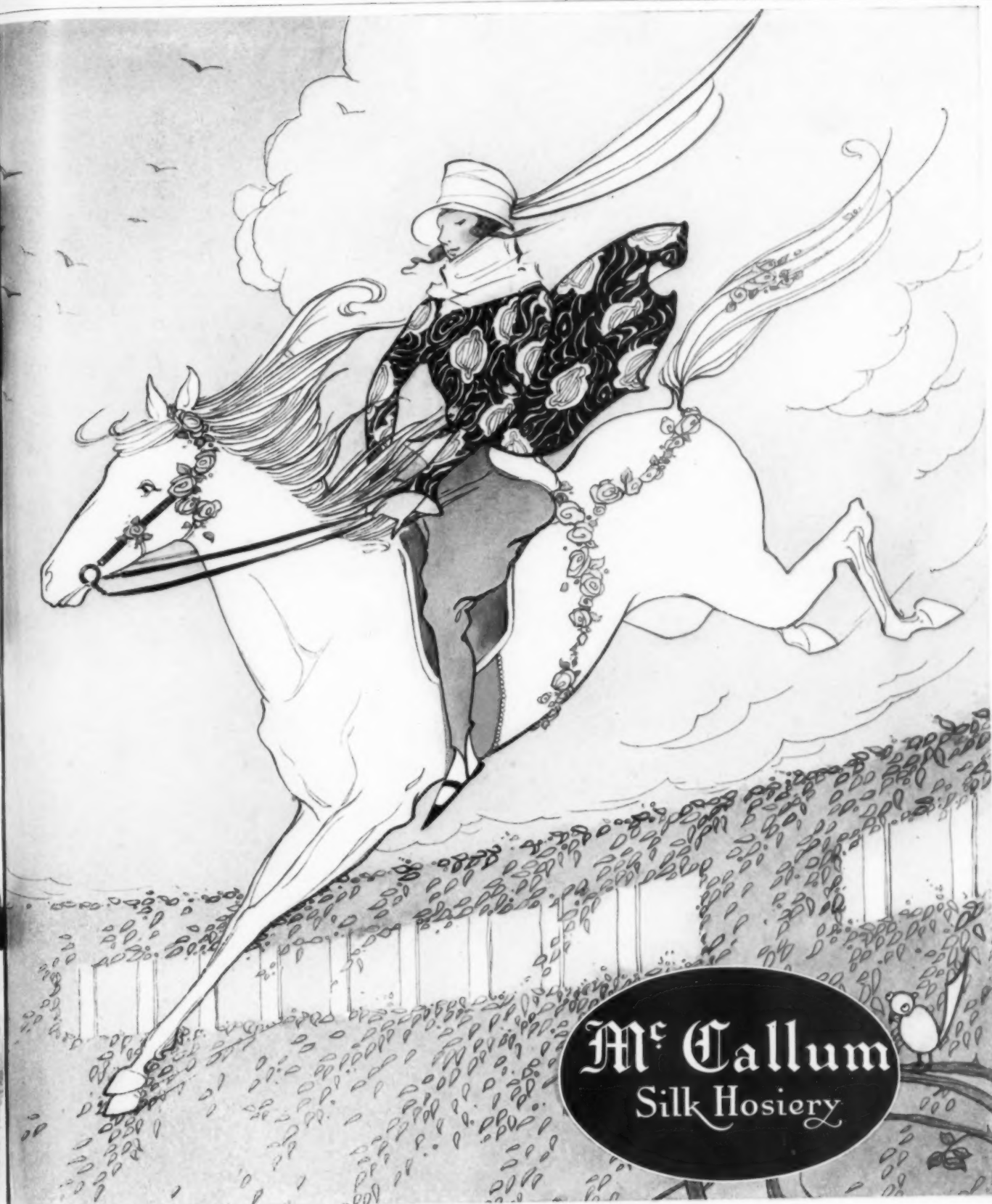
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